

POEM FOR THE WIFE OF A FRIEND

You believe adamantly but
exclusively in Dr. Spock,
Dr. Lamaze, Swami Salami and
Healthful Food. This coupled

with the perception of a road-frog
gives you the amazing grace
and insight of a mud-elephant.
Thankfully you didn't come to the

Green Door with us, I would
have scratched on the eight-ball
and been forced to prove pickled eggs
are more nutritious than sweet potatoes.

It's women like you that
make us believe in Mailer
and Hemingway. You play
a tolerable game of darts and

this may yet save your son. You
think I'm obnoxious & the source
of your marital strife.
If you ever read this

you will think your suspicions
are confirmed at last, but
remember it's not what you think
it's what you drink.

You will not think this much
of a poem, but it's adequate
for whom it was written.
These antipathies I've wanted to express.

THE SEAT OF THE INTELLECT IS THE SALIVA, II

Lately, I'd rather read
the TV guide than plumb
the depths of the immortal
Ezra & I'd much rather

shoot a game of pool than
read at all. The newspapers
& now even the TV tells me
that alcohol is not good

for my brain, that alcohol
will destroy my brain. This
worried me for a long time,
as I had not made any plans

for my brains in the
event of my death. Therefore,
I came up with the
following list of uses to

which my brain may be put
after my death or
perhaps even before:
(1) a floor mop, (2) a

wobbling lighter than air
balloon, (3) the protagonist
of Luis Buñuel's latest
movie. That's it, that's

all, just three possibilities
for my brain. Perhaps that's
why it's difficult to drool
saliva into syllables. But

before I become an over-the-hill
poetry editor & gag on a sestina,
let me drool some saliva for
you & finish up this poem.

CHIMAERA TAKE TWO

They say that death stands
to your left and you can
feel its presence by a
chill. I wonder if

Chopin felt its chillness?
I wonder if it was cold
and ball-like? I wonder
if he waited for it

to strike out? Oh well,
all I can do is wonder
because any further speculation
on my part, would be just that,

speculation. Also, it would
probably be consciously poetic
and would do nothing more
than fill up another stanza.

Perhaps when I feel that final
chill and glimpse that
spectre to my left, it
would be better if I